marked a change in his expression be-

TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

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> SYNOPSIS. _3_

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by General Jackson. Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jem Taylor. They ride together to a house beyond Hot Springs. In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Norsen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

Into the Enemies' Hands.

The major lay dead, with my bloodstained revolver - evidently the weapon which had struck the blowlying beside him. Dawn would reveal the deed, and I would be discovered alone in the house. Only my wakefulness, my desire to investigate, had interfered with the complete success of this hideous plan. Taylor had pre- it would lead directly into the heart pared himself for this emergency, had of Green Briar. The road ran through deliberately taken the weapon for that very purpose. Where had the fellow as the way was silent and seemed degone? And what had become of the serted I gave the animal the spur. negro?

I stood there, lamp in one hand and revolver in the other, staring down at dismissed, and my mind occupied with the dead face of this man who had once been my father's friend. Out of the mist floated the face of the girl. ribbon of road revealing itself under the girl who had waved to me in the the soft glow of the stars. I know not road. The vision brought back to me coolness and determination. I felt through the pockets of the dead man loomed up blocking the path. I bareand found a knife, keys and a roll of bills untouched, but not a scrap of paper. On the floor, partially concealed idently mutual, although one of the by one arm, was a large envelope, unaddressed, roughly torn open. It was some document, then, the murderer ing in fright. I clung to the stirrups, sought, and he had fled with it in his aware of the flash of a weapon in my possession.

Intent now on my one purpose of voice. discovery, my mind active and alert, I began a rapid search of the house. The front door was fastened and barred, proving Taylor had not left that way. There was but one other room on that floor, a kitchen in considerable disorder, as though the servant had made no effort to complete his work; but its outer door stood unlatched. Sam must have gone with the mountaineer in his hasty flightmust be equally guilty. This was the only conclusion possible, and the knowledge that I was left there alone rendered my own position precarious. Harwood had surely never ventured into this doubtful region without having soldiers within call, no doubt in the village, who, if he failed to appear when expected, would search for him. Before they came, and made discovery of the dead body. I must be safely beyond reach. If found there, no defense, no asseveration of innocence, would ever save me from condemnation. Their vengeance would be swift and merciless.

Thinking now only of my own escape unobserved, I felt my way into the night with my bundle. This would be Federal territory; or if not, al- party. ready, my night's ride would bring me well within their lines before dawn. I slipped instantly out of the soiled suit of gray and donned the immaculate blue, buckling the belt about the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry." my waist, and securely hooking the saber. Then I scooped out a hole in the soft dirt and buried the old uniform, tearing my pass into shreds, scattering the fragments broadcast.

It was so lonely and still all about that I felt a return of confidence, a sir?" renewed courage. The house behind me, and the stable before, were mere outlines, scarcely discernible through the gloom. Once safely in the saddle, I circled the gloom of the house silently, and followed the roadway to the gate.

Not a light gleamed in any direction and I could recall no other house near by. While it remained in view I could not remove my eyes from the mansion I had just left, or forget the dead body lying there in the dark. The shying of my horse at the gate caused me to note the black something lying against the post. At first I deemed it a mere shadow, but the animal would not respond even to the spur, and I dismounted better to ascertain the cause of his fright. The negro lay there, dead as his master, a knife thrust in his heart. Then it was Tay- will do." lor alone who had done the foul deed.

There was nothing I could do but flee nosition was now far too desperate to nent; the trooper older in years, but seeking to trace the murderer. To fall square chin. Their uniforms were of closed blinds, lay the lifeless body into Union hands would be my death dusty and well worn. The others, of Harwood. Fox fell upon his knees warrant, irrespective of Harwood's clustered behind, remained mere shad beside the motionless form, ordering bone, and this time procured a supfare, and my duty lay in carrying out ows. The captain took in the nature the windows thrown open, his hands

myself to be captured would spoil everything.

I rode toward Hot Springs as rapidly as I dared, watchful of every deepening shadow, until I came to the first straggling houses. These were dark and silent, and not so much as a dog barked as I walked my horse cautiously forward toward the main street. I saw but one dim light streaming through an uncurtained window of what looked like a law office, and passed close enough to learn that a group of men within were playing lor?" cards. It was highly probable these belonged to the major's escort. I passed the place unobserved and rode on into the night, feeling I had escaped from immediate danger. At what I took to be the tavern corner I discovered the road leading to the left and turned in that direction, assured that thick woods, the darkness intense, and

I must have loped along thus for ten minutes, all thought of pursuit already plans for the future, when the woods suddenly ended in a bare ridge, the why I heard no sound of warning, but at the instant, a half dozen shadows ly had time to rein in my horse before we were intermingled, the surprise evnewcomers was swift enough to seize my animal's bit, and hold him plungface, and an oath uttered in a gruff

"In God's name! where did you come from? Here, Snow, see what this fellow looks like."

The speaker had a wide-brimmed hat, drawn low over his face, and a cape concealed his uniform. But Snow wore the cap of the Federal cavalry, and I knew I had fallen into Yankee hands.

"I have no objection to telling you my name and rank," I said coldly, "but lower that gun first; I am in uni-

The rather contemptuous tone of voice employed had greater effect on the fellow than the evidence of his eyes. His arm fell to his side, although he still retained a grasp on my

"So I see," but with no cordiality in the words. "But that is hardly convincing. Federal officers are rare birds who ride these roads alone. Who are you, sir, and why are you here?"

"Perhaps I may be privileged to ask first by what authority you halt and question me?"

He laughed, and waved the weapon he still held toward the others of his

"Our force alone is sufficient authority I should suppose. However, I will set your mind at rest-I am Captain Fox, in command of a detachment of

"Oh, yes," I responded more pleasantly, "of General Ramsay's command. You know Major Harwood, no doubt?"

"We are of his escort," both suspicion and command lost before my cool assurance. "You are in the service,

"Third United States cavalry; on recruiting detail. I was to meet Harwood at Hot Springs, but was told he had gone to Green Briar."

"By whom?" "A scout I met by chance; he gave the name Taylor."

The captain swore grimly, glancing across my horse into the face of the trooper opposite,

"Well, this stumps me!" his voice grown suddenly harder. "It doesn't sound straight, for we left him safely in Hot Springs an hour before sundown, and he had no purpose at that time except to wait there for Taylor. Do you carry any papers?"

I drew the official envelope from my pocket, and held it out to him calmly. He opened the flap.

"A little light, Snow-yes, a match

The flame lit up their faces-the officer a thin-faced man with mustache swiftly through the night. My own and imperial, his teeth oddly promipermit of my giving any alarm, or smooth-shaven, with deep-set eyes and and in the parlor, still dark because

mond. Got to us earlier than you ex-

fore the match went out.

"Oh, I see-you are Lieutenant Raypected. Find many recruits north?"

"No," I answered, taken completely by surprise, but managing to control my voice. "That was why I thought I might accomplish more in this section. Those countles have been combed over." I hesitated an instant, and yet it was best for me to learn what I could. "I was not aware, captain, that my projected visit had been announced."

He laughed, and the second match went out, leaving us again in darkness.

"Nor was it, officially; merely a friendly letter from an officer on Heitzelman's staff to our major asking gossip brought the news to me. You knew Harwood?"

"No; only General Ramsay advised me to confer with him, because of his intimate knowledge of this section. He belonged, I believe, in Green Briar?" "Yes, we were at his place yesterday; south of Lewisburg. What sort of a looking man was this fellow Tay-

I described him minutely, hoping for some recognition, but the captain did not appear to recall any such charac-

"We have only been in this region a few months," he said, in explanation, "and I don't remember any such chap. He is none of Ramsay's scouts. What do you say, Snow?"

"Only man like that I've heard of, sir, is old Ned Cowan, and it ain't likely he's left the mountains to go into 'Old Jack's' camp."

amused him. "Hardly. Cowan is too well known to take the risk. Either side would

Fox laughed, as though the idea

hang the hound on sight. Well, let's ride along into Hot Springs. You'll come with us, lieutenant?" There was no excuse left me, no rea-

son that I could urge for riding on alone westward. Indeed, before I could clearly collect my thoughts, I was in the midst of the horsemen,



"Not Robbery, for Here Is Money and a Watch."

slowly moving east once more over the dark road. Riding as rapidly as the darkness made possible, we clattered into the deserted street at Hot Springs, and Fox cursed vigorously the negligent guard. The sergeant knew little of where Major Harwood had gone, as he had given no orders, and not even intimated the probable time of his return. When last seen he was riding out the south road accompanied only by his servant.

Fox swore again, and ordered the men into saddle, and we swung out at a sharp trot along the dirt pike. I rode next him, but the captain was in such rage I kept silent, knowing well the tragic discovery soon to be revealed. The gray dawn began to steal about us, making objects near at hand visible, and revealing the tired faces of the cavalrymen. There was sufficient light to enable us to perceive the gloomy house in the oak grove, and the motionless form lying beside the gate. Fox drew up his horse with a jerk, and leaned forward staring.

"My God, men!" he exclaimed, choking, "That's Harwood's nigger. Turn the body over, Green-ah! the poor devil was knifed. Here, a half dozen of you, unsling carbines and follow me-there's been dirty work done. Sergeant, don't let your men destroy those hoofprints in the road. Lively now, lads!"

I advanced with them up the driveway, fearful that if I held back ft might later be commented upon. The front door refused admittance, but we entered from the rear. Everything within was exactly as I had left it, the pheasant had worn its new leg a the orders of "Old Jack." To allow of the document at a giance, and I touching the lifeines flesh,

"Dead for hours," he exclaimed in a tone of horror, turning his gaze upon me. "Struck from behind-see, Ray-What in God's name can this mean?"

He began searching the pockets. "Not robbery-for here is money. and a watch. But the papers are gone, every scrap of them." He looked about at the men. "The major had his papers with him, did he not, Chambers?" "Yes, sir," and the young, boyish soldier addressed straightened up. "I was with him when he put on citizen's clothes and he slipped a big buff

Fox's bewildered glance met mine. "Do you know what that packet contained, captain?" I questioned.

packet into his pocket."

"I do not know. Harwood expected to meet Taylor here at Hot Springs, for you a friendly reception. Camp but I think there were others to be here also. The major kept his own counsel, but something I overheard caused me to believe his engagement with Taylor was of a more private nature. Chambers was his clerk, perhaps he knows."

The lad shook his head, his eyes on the dead man.

"I'm certain those papers were not meant for him, sir," he answered slowly. "They were to be given to a scout named Dailey. It was some other business that brought the major here all alone-but he never told me."

There was nothing further to be discovered, and Fox realized the necessity of haste. His orders were prompt. Four men were detailed to bury the body, and then rejoin the column as soon as possible. The others were marched back to the gate, and remounted.

It was an hour later when we came suddenly to the fork, the south branch leading over a long clay hill, the west along a rocky ridge. Fox sprang to the ground and followed the faint prints of the horse we were pursuing for a hundred yards on foot. Some cattle had passed southward, but there was a defect in the shoe of the animal Taylor rode clearly revealed in the clay. The captain came back, a grim smile on his lips.

"The cuss was no Johnny Reb," he said shortly. "That was what I was afraid of, but now I know what to do. We'll save our horses, men, for this is going to be a long ride—that murdering devil is headed for the Green Briar. This is the lower Lewisburg He swung up into saddle. 'Green, take three men ahead with you, and keep half a mile in advance. Watch out carefully, for there may be graybacks along here. Going with us, lieutenant?"

"About the best thing I can do," I replied readily, "my orders were for Green Briar and Fayette."

"All right, then, but they had small respect for your life when they sent you in there. From all I hear it is like a menagerie of wild animals broken loose-good fighting anywhere. Only trouble will be there is so much at home there will be no need for the boys to enlist. However, that's your affair, not mine." His eyes surveyed his men keenly. "Loosen carbines! Forward march! Trot!"

Silently, save for the jingle of accouterments and the thud of horses' feet, we rode westward, sunlight flecking the dusty uniforms. The pike dipped down into a hollow and, climbing the hill beyond, appeared the figures of the four scouts. Far away was the haze of the mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concerning the Dolomites.

The fairyland about Cortina is familiar to thousands of English tourists as "The Dolomites." Dolomite, & rock compounded of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, takes its name from the French geologist "Decdat de Gratet, Marquis de Dolomeiu," who spent his time in 1789 and the following year, while his countrymen were busy with revolution and war, in visiting this and other Alpine districts. He first mentions this kind of rock in 1791, and the word "Dolomite" first occurs in a pamphlet of 1802 describing a tour of his in the Alps about the St. Gothard and the Simplon. The curious point, noted by Mr. Coolidge, is that the marquis seems to have paid no attention to the dolomite rocks in the neighborhood of his own home, Dolomeiu, near Grenoble.-London Chronicle.

Bird Wears Artificial Leg. Strutting on the farm of John R. Lott, near Freehold, N. J., is the only wild bird in the country that has an artificial leg. This handsome cock pheasant owes its life to the skill of Dr. August R. White, a dentist.

The pheasant, with one leg broken off just above the foot, and apparently injured in a battle with cats, was found on the farm several weeks ago

and was taken to the Lott home. Doctor White, a sportsman, heard of the bird and made an artificial brass leg, which he fixed to the m jured stump with silver wires. After week, the wires broke. Then Doctor White fashioned another leg to fit anugly about the retmant of broken port upon which the bird could walk with apparent ease.

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The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

His Idea.

"What makes that orator walk across the stage several times before he begins to speak?"

"I guess that is a pre-amble to his remarks."

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